

How a Brisk Waiter Serves a Sleepy New York Town

By Katharine Newlin Burt

CHAPTER I
A Queer Customer

MISS MARIANA BENTON, very slim, very languid, very much

At this she did—meaning to look the speaker over at her leisure. But she

Quite involuntarily and before she was conscious of meaning to speak at all, she found herself stammering. "Oh, I beg pardon!"

Q. T. Kinwyden

"Residence?" she murmured.

Mariana jumped as the eyes were raised again.

"I want a room and a bath, ma'am," said Q. T. Kinwyden.

The blond elevator boy had moved two or three steps closer. He had prominent eyes, but at the moment they were more than promiscuous.

"What say?" asked the boy.

"Nothing! It would do you any good to hear, son," was the answer.

"Does she stay there all the time you go back?" he asked, eyeing the elevator as one eyes a fascinating enemy.

Bill gaped and nodded.

"It's sure wonderful."

The long hall was carpeted in worn and faded red, the walls needed repainting, the woodwork needed

Bill took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

He took the tip and went out. A novel sensation of shame possessed him. He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but he could not understand the cause

THE GUMPS—Salt on the Wound



By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Grand Chorus

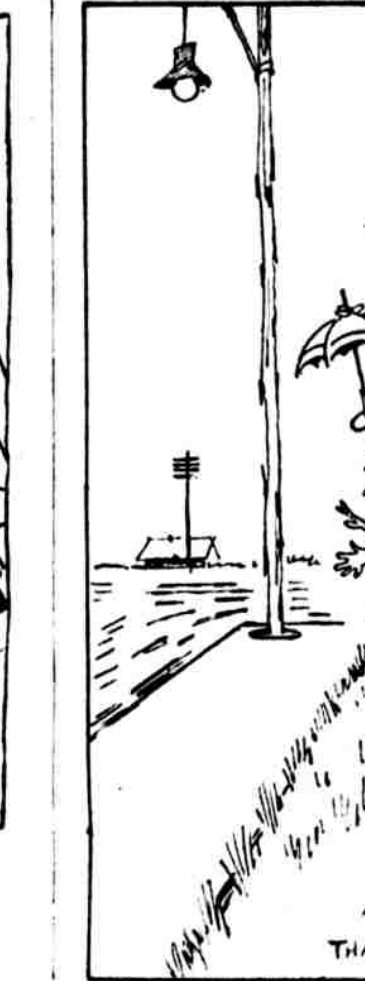


By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way



TOMBOY TAYLOR



By FONTAINE FOX



SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG



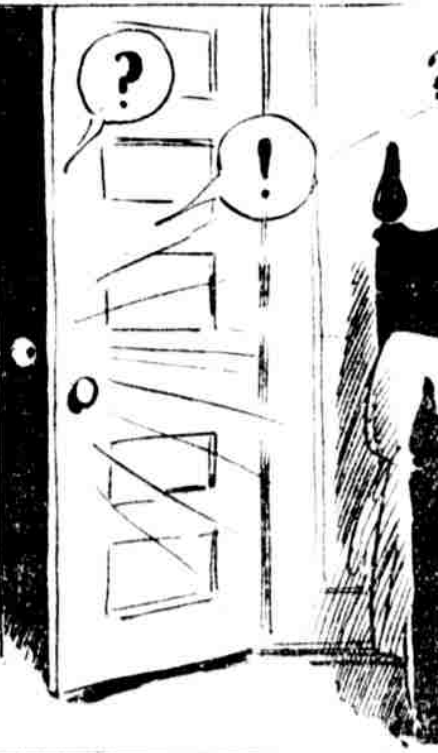
DOG DAYS



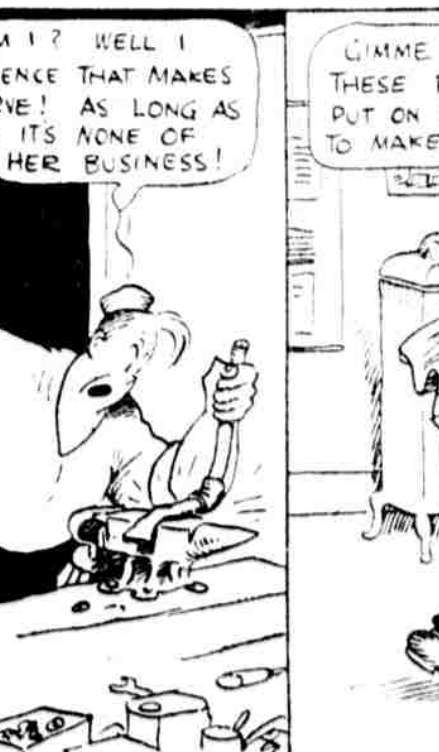
By C. A. Voight



PETEY—It Gets to Be a Habit



GASOLINE ALLEY—Walt Makes a Mistake



By King

CONTINUED TOMORROW